

The TATLER

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THE TATLER

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Baron

Joan Greenwood, a New British Film Star

Daughter of a well-known painter, Joan Greenwood has just been given a seven-year film contract by Sydney Box, the producer, in whose latest film, *A Girl in a Million*, she stars as the heroine who has lost her voice from shock. Her first ambition was to be a ballet dancer, but at the age of fifteen she decided that an acting career offered more scope and was for two years at the R.A.D.A. and two years on tour before making her first London appearances in Molière and Shaw. Her favourite part is Joan of Arc in Shaw's *St. Joan*, but she has kept up her dancing interests and wants to star in a film of ballet. Her great ambition is to own a theatre of her own. She lives with her parents in a Chelsea studio flat, and recently Epstein modelled a head of her

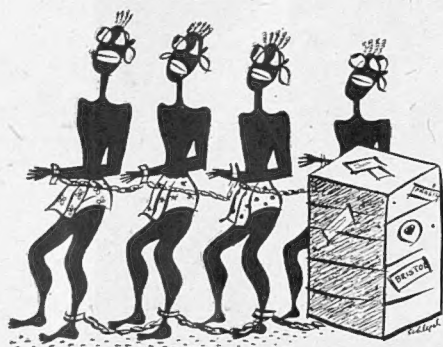
Portraits in Print

Simon Harcourt-Smith



UNHAPPY circumstances drive me to Bristol almost every day at the moment. But one's melancholy is in some degree lifted by the discovery of unexpected beauty there. Hitherto, one had tended to think of Bristol as a bustling port, as a city of great manufacturing, and particularly of the aeroplane which bears its name, as a centre of the wine-importing business, a place of glass-works and leather-tanning.

So automatic has it grown to associate commercial prosperity in one's mind with bombast, ugliness and squalor, that it comes almost as a shock suddenly, across a bombed-out space white in the autumn sunshine—and Bristol was most savagely bombed—to catch sight of a graceful Palladian square. You turn a corner, and in a place called St. James Barton and again in Prince's Street you see houses that remind you of the Casa del



Diavolo, in Vicenza, which—if I remember rightly—Palladio is traditionally supposed to have designed for himself.

You become aware of noble exchanges, of admirable Company Halls, and row upon row of elegant houses from the Augustan noonday of our architecture. Then you remember the great part Bristol played in the opening up of the New World, the trade more prosperous than commendable by which Bristol bartered slaves for the West Indian plantations against West Indian sugar. Until the centre of this island's industrial gravity began at the end of the eighteenth century to shift to the north of England and the Clyde, Bristol was the second city of the realm, with the greatest concentration of wealth outside London, the "stepmother of England" as some medieval chronicler put it.

Bristol and Dublin

KING HENRY II in 1172 granted the City of Dublin to Bristol as a colony, enjoying liberties identical with those of the mother city. Bristol rose on the Irish wool trade, Bristol blood flowed strong in the veins of medieval Dubliners, and for long the Irish city was another Bristol, as the Greek colonies in Sicily and Magna Graecia tended to simulate the airs of their parent cities in the homeland.

Sometimes as I have wandered these last few days through the soft Bristol light, far from the chromium vivacity of the City Centre, along the quiet streets where Fanny

Burney's Evelina was wooed by that handsome eligible prig, Lord Orville, and Chatterton carried his precocious dreams to school, I have thought myself indeed back in Georgian Dublin. In London you feel a thousand ghosts as anxious as you are to be off again to the country. The English big-wig did not often put his real heart into his London house. Even the one or two fine houses that have been allowed to remain in Berkeley Square are hardly better than what the Venetians would have called "casini."

The enthusiasm, the wealth of the Londoner, has always gone upon his country house. The terraces of Bath and Brighton and Cheltenham, however beautiful, quickened fitfully with a life seasonal at best. But the splendours of Dublin and Bristol were made for people who lived in those houses all the year round, who did not eat their hearts out for the centripetal pleasures of the capital. Here were cities with a life of their own, that vitality quite independent of Megalopolis, which made existence in Venice or Parma so agreeable before the war, and may with luck make it almost agreeable again, before we get too old to savour it.

Go up St. Michael's Hill, for instance. What evidence on every hand of a serene and rich life, a trifle snobbish, a trifle complacent perhaps. But sometimes I wonder whether the complacency of that age was not almost a virtue. Certainly it was a source of immense strength.

Memory of a Prince

THEN turn up to the left under the archway, which is almost all that remains of Prince Rupert's original Royal Fort, and go into the *enceinte* from the eminence of which the Cavaliers on that morning in September, 1645, defied the might of Cromwell and of Fairfax. On September 11, Prince Rupert capitulated to honourable terms. Colours flying, he marched out of the fort, in a scarlet and silver uniform, on a black charger. With the good manners instinctive in the warfare of that age, and which no doubt was rank effeminacy by the standards of total war, Fairfax rode



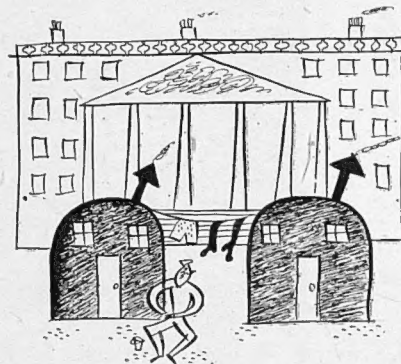
with the Prince across the Downs. The two of them—the gallant figure strayed out of chivalry, and the Roundhead general whose garden was to become Andrew Marvell's chief muse—no doubt looked back together down on to the serpentine rivers of Bristol, the Avon and the Frome, then towards the Bristol Channel, flashing that autumn afternoon as it flashed for me today, like an old

silver hanging in a State apartment. Then they went their different ways. Meanwhile, Cromwell, who knew better than to keep his Jehovah out of any blood-letting, was acclaiming the conquest of the Royal Fort as "the work of the Lord, which none but an Atheist could deny."

The Gloucestershire family of the Tyndalls now make their entrance. Collateral descendant of the great William Tyndall, the Martyr (1484–1536), who translated the Bible and burned at the stake for his pains, a certain Tyndall, bearing the sonorous name of Onesiphorus, came to Bristol from nearby Sodbury in 1680, and grew rich in the India trade. His grandson, Thomas (1722–1794), built the present enchanting house known as the Royal Fort today.

Rococo Triumph

ROCOCO is rare enough in this country for remark, if only with suspicion. Here we have perhaps the finest rococo house of moderate size in the kingdom, finer even than



the "House of Charity," which was noticed in these columns some months ago, and perhaps like it the work of Isaac Ware, that slightly mysterious figure who built the Chesterfield House where the Princess Royal and Lord Harewood lived in my youth, an architect with a vivacity rare in this country, and a genius for conjuring up on the staidest English soil, the atmosphere of some wanton, exotic hunting-palace.

The Royal Fort with its brilliant reliefs, partly in plaster, partly in wood by the Brighton sculptor, William Paty, its vine running up the staircase enacting among its branches episodes from *Æsop's Fables* (as far as I can see), its over-door in a somewhat Chinese manner, the muskets, fishing-rods and game used in its enrichments, the humming-birds which hang dizzily down from the ceilings as you pass, present the climax of an art which is very near to the firework. Could Bristol University, that uses the place as offices, determine the original colours of the decorations and restore them, we should have here a work not far behind Cuvillier's Amalienburg for quality.

The house was sold for building development some fifty years after it was built, then bought back when the speculators had been given time only to ruin the park. But Humphrey Repton, called in to save it, turned disaster to account, utilized the trenches of the jerry-builders to create new beauties. As one looks down the verdant slopes, broken here and there with weeping willows, towards the distant port, one can conceive few houses in England one would rather inhabit.

It is just possible to dream of a lucky twist of fortune throwing you into residence at the Royal Fort. With all its fantasy it belongs to a world you can hold in your hands. But a few miles to the west is King's Weston, looking down on to the Bristol Channel, not like the Royal Fort a moderate house which seems almost to be small, but a palace of no prodigious size filled with the Cyclopæan grandeur of Sir John Vanbrugh.

King's Weston

How strange it is that Vanbrugh, who made his name as a writer of successful comedies, should have created an architecture which thrives in tragic circumstances. We can thank Providence that neither Blenheim nor Kimbolton nor Grimsthorpe have yet fallen into ruin. But ruin seems to be the proper mood of a Vanbrugh palace. I cannot believe Seaton Delavel was ever as moving in the days of its beautiful crazy owners as it is today, with the miners' cottages creeping up the drive, and doves cooing among the Cæsars in their alcoves, and a great purple cloud coming up out of the North Sea. I suspect that Castle Howard may have gained in drama from its fire; certainly Eastbury for Bubb Doddington now a mere fragment of a great house which should stir even a blind heart. And now King's Weston turned into a school, then befouled by the military during the recent war: dormitories in the garden, an outer defilement of Nissen huts round the park, the servants' quarters pulled down and littered on the terrace, the mantelpieces gone from the great saloons, temples choked with old litter.

Here is but a skeleton of grandeur; but for that very reason it makes one see as never before how great a genius Vanbrugh was. This is an idiom entirely personal and in heroic strains. Gaze at one of his slender, elongated arches. It is unlike anything else in our architecture. Wren may be a perfect artist, but one feels him to be the conventional man raised to the height of the angels. Vanbrugh's art, never perfect, needs no elevation to the clouds. For it began there. . . .

The Nuremberg Trials

I DARE to wonder what the cold-blooded estimate by future historians of the Nuremberg judgments may be. Most of the accused had provoked immense unhappiness in the world; many of them, one could, without taint of hysteria, describe as murderers. Considering the passions aroused by this war, there was every reason to throw them to the dogs. But it should have been done quickly, not by this



parade of court procedure through all these tedious months. Can we really lull ourselves into imagining that the sentences will be the first step towards the incubation of a respect for the Rule of Law in German breasts?

They have never understood the concept of Right as something transcending the State. Did not the eminent Socialist, Max Weber, the real author of the Weimar Republic, declare himself ready to make common cause with the Devil incarnate, for the good of Germany?

No. The Germans will take these sentences, passed by no International Authority, but by the four great victors, as a parody of *Vae Victis*. Goering and Co. are being punished not for Belsen, but because they did not get enough jet machines and rockets into the air in time. And what the German public may well ask, is the difference between an accused nation that swallows land in the name of living-space, and another, one of the judges, which does so in the name of security?



General Sir Shingha Shumshere Jung Bahadur Rana, K.B.E., the Nepalese Minister in London

AT THE COURT OF ST. JAMES'S

ONLY a short distance from Everest, the world's most defiant mountain that rises nearly 30,000 feet, the all-powerful Prime Minister of the kingdom of Nepal watched his eight sons closely, for he held unequivocal views about smoking, drinking, and similar pleasures. If he noticed any of them leaving the palace grounds after 4 p.m. the displeasure became obvious, and he did not speak to the offender.

One of the sons, General Sir Shingha Shumshere Bahadur Rana, K.B.E., since March, 1939, Nepal's Minister in the giant Legation in Kensington Palace Gardens, respected the Maharajah's wishes on smoking—till seven years ago, when he was forty-three.

The Maharajah, remembered best for abolishing slavery in the kingdom, ruled nearly 60,000 square miles of fertile valleys, mighty Himalayan hills, jungle where roam wild animals, peopled by six million descendants of Mongolian and Hindu stock. In 1908 he took his sons and army officers to Britain, but, fearing the young men might "go astray," returned within two or three months. The Nepalese party attended the State balls at Buckingham Palace, and the King's Courts, but, of course, did not partake of food or drink.

THIS strict tradition is still maintained by the Minister in London. It involves refusal, every year, of well over 200 invitations to luncheons and dinners with members of the British Government, heads of the *Corps Diplomatique*, social celebrities. The Nepalese are permitted to eat goats, guinea fowl, game; may not touch beef, pork, chicken; may not eat the allowed meats if these have been in danger of contamination in utensils or stove with beef, pork or chicken. Thus, when the Minister and his family travel round Britain—and they have visited universities, factories, mines, from John o'Groats to Land's End—Nepalese cooks and staff form members of the party.

Steps in the career that led to London? Young Shingha concluded his studies in the Palace at twenty-one, passing the examinations set for students at universities, but the Maharajah requested that he should continue learning till twenty-seven. Since the Nepalese are a martial race—Gurkhas

won eight V.Cs. in the last war—military training was included in the curriculum. At twenty-seven he became a major-general, serving later as head of the municipality of Katmandu, chief of police, chairman of charitable institutions, director of waterworks.

On the Maharajah's death the family separated, left the Palace. The Minister's uncle was chosen Prime Minister. Shortly afterwards a second uncle succeeded to the post, and Sir Shingha returned to the Palace as general-in-waiting to the Maharajah. Subsequently he was selected for the post in London, which he left, for his first holiday, last October, to visit the United States. The Minister left Britain for the second time this year, travelling to the Iberian peninsula.

HIS Excellency is fond of gardening, reading hooks other than fiction. In the Palace at Katmandu, with its ninety rooms, now serving as home for his thirty-two years old son, a High Court judge, the gardens have been laid out with the loving care of the connoisseur. In the colourful centre is a vast cluster of roses, favourite flower of H.R.H. the Minister's wife, daughter of the late King of Nepal. When the Minister does not walk, or work, he plays chess. There is no riding now, for he sold his horses when the war dragged on.

There is a wealth of character in the gentle voice as he speaks to a guest in the calm-breathing library study, full of relics of distant Nepal, or as he greets friends at magnificent receptions under splendid candelabras. The English is soft, smooth, the pitch low. I think His Excellency dislikes most of all affectation, ostentation, hypocrisy. To intimate friends he confesses his liking for the motto on the coat of arms of the family: "Movables and immovables all disappear in time, but good acts remain for ever."

George Bilainkin.



Margaret Lockwood

This celebrated actress was among the British film stars and directors who went to the Film Festival at Cannes, and is shown enjoying herself on the beach and chatting to two French children. People connected with the film industry came from all over the world to the Festival, where prizes were awarded to the best producers. Among the countries which contributed films were Britain, France, America, Russia, Sweden, Denmark, Mexico and Portugal

Film Critic JAMES AGATE

resumes his—

At The Pictures

Article

HOME-KEEPING Englander that you are, reader dear, what picture do you make to yourself of Provence? A romantic *mise en scène* of Tennysonian retreats, where never wind blows loudly—shades of the mistral and sirocco!—and where poppy, lotus, and mandragora are the staple fare? A land something more westerly in temper than our own West Country, a land of orchards and setting sun? A land of golden melon and indolent peach? . . .

To be strictly truthful, Provence is not at all like any of the exquisite descriptions of it which one reads. Provence, or that little bit of it that I came to know in the first World War, is a jumble of five of the most matter-of-fact types of country you can imagine. There is the country of the Alpines, exaggerated mole-hills scarcely more hazardous than the golf course at Windermere, the soil a gritty yellow dust. At the foot of the Alpines a rich plain wonderfully irrigated and cared for. Through this rich belt of cultivation runs the roadway, shaded by mile-long avenues of plane trees, linking village to

village, and serving as standards for the sublimely incongruous service of electric light. Not an inch of ground which is not under the most jealous cultivation; the village lads, denied a green, are driven into the roadway thick in dust to play at their crazy game of bowls. To this belt of astounding fertility there succeeds a tract of marshland where the reeds grow man-high, giving place in turn to a red and sandy plain entirely barren and strewn with countless millions of round, smooth pebbles, the munition factory of a David.

Across the Rhône is the Camargue, an annexe to this desolate region, a wilderness of swamp, morass, and river. Wild or wildish bulls inhabit here and are tended by a ragged little girl of some fourteen summers, who drives them with the butt-end of an old umbrella. A herd or two of really wild horses are to be seen, sturdy, thick-necked, short-legged little fellows, of a dirty white or doubtful grey. In their natural state they are an admirable imitation of the pictures of Rosa Bonheur. A stork, a heron, and a derelict

army motor car complete the flora and fauna of this, the real Provence.

AND then Arles. The historian will tell you that through Arles Hannibal's Numidians marched to the sack of Italy, that within her walls a Roman Emperor had his palace, that during the governorship of Decimus Junius Brutus, a Greek designed and built the exquisite theatre, still to be seen. He will go on to talk to you of the amphitheatre, of the thickness of its walls, its diameter, its seating capacity. He will compare you the Coliseum at Rome. He will reconstruct you the Vénus d'Arles, and discuss whether she may not be a reproduction of the lost Aphrodite of Praxiteles. If your historian have imagination he will tell you of the seas of blood that have flowed within the walls of the arena, and of horrors that belong more properly to the nightmare pages of a Huysmans than to sober history. If he have sentimental leanings he will talk of Petrarch and Laura, Aucassin and Nicolette, and others of the world's famous lovers. Then will he grow lyrical over the famed

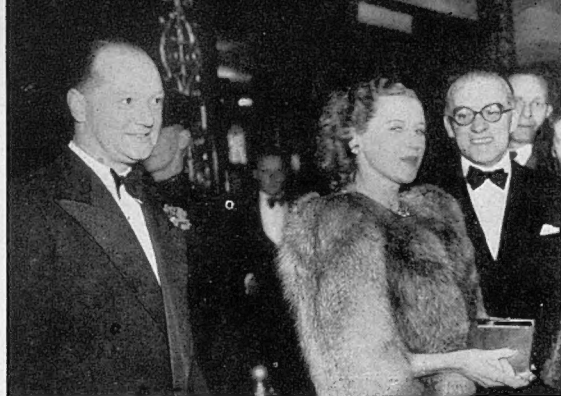
Arlesienne beauty, and rhapsodical over the inability of alien blood to debase its coinage. "At Marseilles the Phocoeans may have planted their arsenals, founded their markets, trained their sailors. But at Arles they loved and bred. Here was the bosom on which the weary seafarer reposed, and here paid back to posterity the debt he owed the woman of his choice."

SOMETHING of the foregoing was in my mind as I passed through the old well-remembered scene on my way to the Film Festival at Cannes. This was an experience which suggests a new word—Festmuddle. The author of *Alice in Wonderland* in collaboration with the Marx Brothers could not have done better. Trains which pretended to have dining cars but didn't. Reserved seats on planes which either didn't exist, didn't start, or stopped half-way. Invitations to official functions which invariably arrived two days after the ceremony. There were, of course, compensations. Vast quantities to eat and drink and so many eggs that you got sick of the sight of them. A large whisky for nineteen shillings, and a bottle of vintage champagne for twenty-two shillings and sixpence. A shimmering haze of heat and nothing to do except gaze at the turquoise hills across the bay or the lithe young men water-skiing at the heels of motor launches.

THERE was, of course, the Festival, which began with a colossal flop. The French, you see, are accustomed to acting, and having been enchanted by Vivien Leigh found nothing else in *Caesar and Cleopatra* to justify that wilderness of, to them, pointless talk. They did, however, sit it through. The next picture was worse. This was a burlesque of *The Three Musketeers* by Mexican actors playing in Spanish. This went on for hour after hour in intense heat, was totally unfunny and, to cap one's discomfort, smoking was not allowed. Here I have a suggestion to make. This is that in theatres and cinemas where the spectator is not allowed to smoke there should be no smoking on stage or screen. It was a pretty good medieval torture when you kept a man in the sun till his tongue hung out like a piece of dry wood and then poured cold water on the ground before him. If I must be bored then let me have a cigar to comfort me.

AFTER two hours of the Mexican nonsense I strolled across to a little café where a charming orchestra was discoursing classical music. The time to spend thirty-eight shillings, say a thousand francs with the tip, smoke half a cigar, and then back to the treadmill only to find that three-quarters of the audience had emptied itself into the street and preferred sauntering about to enduring any more of the Mexican japes. Then came a wholly unintelligible Russian war film. After that some Danish nonsense about a man who bumped his head and imagined he was in love with a dope-fiend. Pity the poor French audience which had to sit through four captionless films without understanding a word of English, Spanish, Russian or Danish!

FORTUNATELY at the end of the fourth day my plane was due to leave for Paris, where I had an engagement to look at some of the theatres. But there was an aviation meeting that day and the authorities decided that civil flying should be cut out! The rest of the story is too nightmarish to be recalled. It took me nine days to get out of Cannes! Did I go near the Festival again? No! I can hear Mr. Menuhin at the Albert Hall and see Mr. Granger in Leicester Square. What did I do? I stuck my toes in the sand, wriggled them, and was miserable.



Mr. John Davis, Mrs. Davis and Mr. F. Hutchinson. The première was in aid of the Musicians' Benevolent Fund



Lady Waddilove and Baroness Ravensdale, who was chairman of the première committee



Irving Berlin, who composed the music for the film, with Baroness Ravensdale and a small autograph hunter, Sylvia Jolles



Mrs. Jeffrey Joel and Mr. Bingham Powell at the première. "Blue Skies" is Fred Astaire's last film before he retires



Mrs. Ephraim, Sally Ann Howes, film actress daughter of Bobby Howes, and her mother Mrs. Bobby Howes



Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. George Wynn-Williams. Mrs. Wynn-Williams is the only daughter of Lord Jowitt



Mr. and Mrs. Tom Powell, who were looking through their gala première programme



Lady (Elliott) Forbes and Sir George Wilkinson

Film Première of "Blue Skies" at the Carlton Theatre



The Inspector (Ralph Richardson) from the celestial sphere, who arrives to jolt the consciences of the Birling family

The Theatre

"An Inspector Calls" (New)



The Cad, Eric Birling (Alec Guinness), who has been the main cause of the inspector's visit

MR. PRIESTLEY's new play is, on the surface, a simple and orderly exposition of the way things do not happen. A single family is shown to be collectively responsible for the death of a woman who has poisoned herself. Mr. Birling, a well-to-do Midland manufacturer, recognizes the photograph which the inspector shows him. She is the woman he dismissed from his works some years ago for leading a strike. His daughter in pettish mood one morning got a young shop assistant dismissed for some imagined impertinence. Sheila looks at the photograph and shudders.

So the game of consequences goes on. Sheila's betrothed picked up the same woman, though this time she had a different name, made her his mistress and abandoned her to Sheila's raffish brother; and it was this woman, now about to become an unmarried mother, who appealed to Mrs. Birling's charity committee and (because she offended the good lady's sense of decorum) was refused help.

THINGS do not happen in this way, but Mr. Priestley means the family to represent the purse-proud of this world, those who live very respectably in the spirit of "Lord help you, Jack, I'm alright." If these people, says the prophetic policeman, will not realize that they are all members of the same human family they must be taught the truth in blood and anguish. No vain prophecy, as we see at once, for the time is 1912.

It is perhaps a fault of the play as a piece of entertainment that the audience can hardly help guessing pretty well how the last act will go. The inspector, so unlike any policeman on or off the stage, has returned to his celestial headquarters, leaving the manufacturer and his wife to dread a ruinous local scandal, and Sheila and her brother (who has the inherent decency of the traditional stage rake) prey to a sudden sense of guilt.

Sooner or later someone must recall that the photograph has been shown to each in turn but never exposed to general view. Obviously it need not have been the same

photograph. In all probability the collectively murdered girl never lived.

MR. PRIESTLEY confirms these guesses with his usual skill, drawing an effective contrast between fear of scandal and sense of sin, but until the final curtain the average spectator is apt to be one jump ahead of the author, and that makes for an effect of slowness. The trick ending was perhaps more impressive on paper than in actual practice. His play is, for all that, consistently entertaining in its deliberate ingenuity.

As a morality its success is more doubtful. It is meant to communicate moral indignation and pity, but the case it makes for the widening of human sympathies is too ingenious, too far-fetched, perhaps too entertaining to stir the depths of emotion. We are left in argumentative mood, suspecting, for instance, that if we knew more about the "murdered" girl we might think less well of her than does the celestial inspector: in other words, the play wants the poetic power which a morality must have if it is to quicken in our hearts a moribund sense of common obligations.

MOSCOW has already seen this piece, and it would be interesting to know just how representatively wicked the Russian producer made the local big-wig and his family, whose cosy little betrothal party the inspector interrupts. As the Old Vic presents Mr. Birling at home he is human enough—hard because he is unimaginative, vain and complacent. Mr. Julien Mitchell keeps him going admirably.

It is by no means easy for an actor to pretend that he has one foot in the heavenly choir and another in the local constabulary; but Mr. Ralph Richardson makes it seem perfectly easy. It is for him a rather poor part. Miss Marian Spencer plays the alderman's sweetly insensitive wife with distinction, Mr. Alec Guinness the profligate son with all possible perceptiveness, and there is a good conventional performance by Miss Margaret Leighton.

ANTHONY COOKMAN



The Family Celebrates an Engagement. Mr. and Mrs. Birling (Marian Spencer and Julien Mitchell) look on benignly while the engaged couple, Gerald Croft (Harry Andrews), and Sheila Birling (Margaret Leighton), drink to their future happiness before the inspector calls and spoils the peace

Lanifer was at

THE FIVE ARTS BALL

THE Five Arts Ball at the Royal Albert Hall, in aid of the Royal Free Hospital, of which H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester is president, was the first big ball of this kind to be held since before the war.

It was a wonderful scene. All the boxes were full, the flags of the United Nations draped the walls, the stewards who looked after arrangements on the dance-floor wore the costume of the Yeomen of the Guard, and coloured spotlights played on the dancers from time to time. The Hospital must benefit considerably, as over 4000 people went to the ball, over 1800 of whom were in fancy dress.

At midnight they paraded around the dance-floor before the judges, who included the Marquess of Queensberry, Hermione Gingold and the Hon. Mrs. Christopher Birdwood. It was a big task for the judges, as the dresses were so good, varying from the most lovely period costumes to the man who went as a statue and won a prize for the most original costume. The Countess of Brecknock, who was in the Royal Box with a party of friends, presented the prizes. In a nearby box I saw the Maharajah of Chotta-Udaipur, who had a big party of friends with him. Lady Juliet Duff was in another box with Bee Lillie, wearing one of her unique little caps. Ivor Novello, resplendent in scarlet satin, was also there.

Señor Francisco de Aragao, son of H.E. the Brazilian Ambassador, was in a box with Baron Roth and Prince Michael Obolensky, where all the men of the party wore the uniform of Hussars of olden times, with the exception of Capt. Michael Turner-Bridger, who wore the uniform of an old-time Grenadier. The girls in this box were all in fancy dress too, and included Miss Venetia Fawcus as an Elizabethan, Baroness Alexandra Schey in a Dalmatian costume, and Miss Robina Tennant (Lady Juliet Duff's granddaughter) in a Spanish costume.

MISS FOLY, who has recently come over here from the States and taken a house in London, had another big party in a nearby box. In the Marquess of Queensberry's box I saw Mrs. Charles Sweeny as the Empress Eugenie, wearing a tiara and magnificent cream satin gown with a long train which caused her a certain amount of trouble in the parade! The Marquess of Tavistock was also in this party, resplendent in the green velvet coat and knee-breeches of the Regency period.

Farther on I saw Lord Burghersh reviewing the scene, but wearing the orthodox dinner-jacket! Lady Iris O'Malley looked attractive in a lovely period costume and powdered wig. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Whigham had a party of friends in their box, and others who brought parties were the Rt. Hon. Walter Elliot, Sir Derek Gilbey, Sir Harold Bowden in fancy dress, with his son and daughter and a party of friends, Capt. Guy Lydekker, R.N., and Sir Frank Spriggs.

More photographs on pages 72 and 73



LADY IRIS O'MALLEY, daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Carisbrooke, wore a magnificent period dress with decorations of roses and lace.

FIVE ARTS BALL

BEFORE the Ball (described by Jennifer on the previous page), a cocktail-party was given by Baron Roth at 8, Chesterfield Gardens, W.1. The photographs on the immediate right show some of the guests at the party, and the striking and beautiful array of costumes they wore. Below are more photographs at the Ball itself



Señor Francisco Moniz de Aragao, son of the Brazilian Ambassador, Baroness Alexandra Schey (Austrian Legation), Miss Mary Barrios Ovey, Miss Petronella Elliott and Baron Roth



Miss Venetia Fawcus, Prince Michael Obolensky (Irish Guards), Miss Susan O'Donovan and Mr. Michael Akroyd (Grenadier Guards)



Miss Moira Fahy wore a costume modelled on a century-old ballroom style



Major Scott and Hermione Gingold, who was largely responsible for the organisation of the cabaret



No fancy-dress ball is complete without a Viking, and Miss B. E. Hill made an admirable one



Crinoline and Cossack: Mr. Frank Bowden, son of Sir Harold Bowden, and his wife



Miss Athalie Burdette, the actress, in a dress made by her great-aunt 100 years ago



Mr. Barry Biemans (Coldstream Guards), Miss Diana Jubb, Capt. David Gurney (Scots Guards), Miss Robina Tennant, niece of Lord Glenconner, and Capt. M. Bridger-Turner (Coldstream Guards)



A composite group of the party, conveying a good impression of the richness and variety of the costumes which gave the Ball its distinctive pre-war flavour



" . . . to chase the glowing Hours with flying feet "



Southern-Laws

Miss Mary Patricia Lee-Morris is the elder daughter of Viscountess Leverhulme and Capt. G. Lee-Morris, R.N.V.R. Her mother married Viscount Leverhulme in 1937. Miss Lee-Morris served with the W.R.N.S. during the war



Harlip

Miss Sonia Gunston is the younger daughter of Lady Doris Gunston and the late Capt. Cecil Gunston. Her mother is a daughter of the second Marquess of Dufferin and Ava



Señora Isadora de Andrade Falcao is the only daughter of the Brazilian Consul-General, Dr. Ildefonso Falcao. She is now an assistant with the Fine Arts Section of U.N.E.S.C.O., and this is her first season in London

HER MAJESTY QUEEN MARY, as vigorous and energetic as ever, has been going about a good deal in the two or three weeks since she returned to London from her holiday at Sandringham. The "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition was an obvious attraction to that Royal expert on exhibitions, whose feats of endurance in walking round the endless-seeming galleries of the British Industries Fairs before the war became almost a legend in Government and diplomatic circles. Her Majesty much enjoyed her two hours in the galleries, remarking, as have many other visitors also familiar with the Victoria and Albert Museum under its more normal aspect, that she no longer knew her way about.

Several theatre visits, to shows as far removed in conception as *Tangent*, *The Eagle Has Two Heads*, and the Covent Garden production of *Tosca*, show that the theatre has lost none of its appeal and interest for her, and there can be few people in London more competent to talk on the contrast between the modern theatre and the theatre of pre-1914 days—unless it be Sir Max Beerbohm, but he, unfortunately, is but a rarely-seen visitor to the West End in these days.

PRINCESSES AS BRIDESMAIDS

BOTH the Princesses, I hear, are to act as bridesmaids to their cousin, Miss Patricia Mountbatten, at her wedding to Capt. Lord Brabourne, of the Coldstream Guards, at Romsey Abbey on October 26. The King and

Queen will be the principal guests, and Queen Mary and the Duchess of Kent will be among other members of the Royal Family attending this country wedding—the first in the Royal circle to take place in the country since Lady May Cambridge, daughter of the Earl of Athlone and Princess Alice, Countess of Athlone, married the then Capt.—now Lt.-Col.—Henry Abel Smith, of the "Blues," at Balcombe, in 1930.

At that wedding, too, by the way, Princess Elizabeth was a bridesmaid, at the tender age of just over four, and for the occasion she wore her very first long-skirted dress.

Viscount and Viscountess Mountbatten are asking that they shall continue to be known by their old, familiar courtesy titles as Lord and Lady Louis on all save the most formal occasions—a charming touch of modesty that is typical of them both.

Lord Louis had a vivid reminder of those heroic days in Asia recently in the shape of an invitation from the London Press Club to be the guest of honour at a luncheon-party to the men who won the "Forgotten War." Admiral Lord Fraser of the North Cape, C.-in-C. of our

Eastern Fleet, and General Slim, of the ever-famous Fourteenth Army, were invited as fellow-guests of their young former commander.

ST. GEORGE'S BALL

THE DUCHESS OF GRAFTON, in her usual practical way, has got busy early with arrangements for the Ball in aid of St. George's Hospital. When in London recently she called her first committee meeting and got together many of the people who had helped her with the tremendously successful ball last year.

This year H.R.H. the Duchess of Kent will be present at the ball, which is to be held at the Dorchester on November 16th. The tickets, to include a buffet supper, are to be £2 ros. each. The dance band of the Coldstream Guards will play, and there will be a cabaret but no auctions. Lady Waleran, is deputy chairman to the Duchess of Grafton, and is sure to help her to make it one of the big successes of this "Little Season."

OTHER BALLS

TWO other young chairmen organising balls this autumn are the Countess of Inchcape, who is chairman of the ball at the Dorchester on October 26th in aid of the Invalid Kitchens of London, and the Marchioness Townshend of Raynham, who is chairman of the All Hallowe'en Ball in the same ballroom on October 31st in aid of the Soldiers', Sailors' and Airmen's Families Association.

For her committee meeting for the ball, Lady Inchcape had the novel idea of inviting the six "Goldwyn Girls" who are on a visit to this country, and two of them took on the roles of auctioneers, very successfully selling a pair of nylon stockings for five pounds, and other gifts at an equally good rate. Lady Inchcape, looking most attractive in a scarlet dress and wearing no hat, made an excellent speech, appealing to everyone to help.

Everyone at the meeting hoped to come to the ball and help sell the tickets, including Sir Richard and Lady Pease (Lady Inchcape's parents) and their very tall youngest son Sandy, who is now at an O.C.T.U. The Earl of Inchcape came to the meeting, and so did Lady Waddilove, the president; Pamela Lady Glenconner, who brought some honey to be auctioned; and Lady Bedingfield, in a fine mink coat, who bid for several gifts in competition with Capt. Michael Bridger-Turner. Among the pretty young girls I saw Miss Virginia Hutchinson, Miss Anthea Hodson, escorted by her brother Christopher; Miss Rosemary Baker-Cresswell, Miss Ann Bonville and many others.



Lord and Lady Tedder's infant son had General Eisenhower for his godfather when he was christened Richard Seton at St. Margaret's Chapel, Edinburgh Castle, recently. Lord Tedder was Gen. Eisenhower's second-in-command during the invasion of Europe



Mr. and Mrs. Paul Soskin with their son Nicholas Paul, who was christened recently. The godparents are Sir Charles Birkin, Lt.-Col. A. J. S. Fetherstonhaugh, Major the Hon. John Fermor-Hesketh, Lady Gloria Fisher and Mrs. Charles Sweeney



Pearl Freeman

The Hon. Ann Cholmondeley came out this year. She is the younger daughter of Lord Delamere and Phyllis Lady Delamere. Her mother is a daughter of Lord George William Montagu-Douglas-Scott, uncle of the Duke of Buccleuch

Miss Anne Rowan-Thomson is the youngest daughter of Major and Mrs. L. Leslie Rowan-Thomson. She was recently bridesmaid to her elder sister, Denise, who married Major the Hon. Julian Berry, Royal Horse Guards, youngest son of Viscount and Viscountess Camrose

Miss Susan Diggle is the only daughter of Lt.-Col. Heathcote Diggle, D.S.O., O.B.E., M.C., Deputy Provost-Marshal in Paris. She has recently returned from that city, where she has been staying with her father

SOCIAL JOURNAL

The Hallowe'en Ball promises to be great fun. There will be reels and the modern equivalent to bobbing for apples and other Hallowe'en attractions.

LADY OWNERS

A GLORIOUS sunny day brought hundreds of people to Ascot to see the much-discussed meeting of Honeyway and The Bug in the Diadem Stakes. The honours went to The Bug, who won by a head from Poolfix, with Honeyway third. A great race which proved beyond doubt what a good horse The Bug is.

The afternoon started with the Fenwolf Selling Stakes, which was won by Norman Prince, ridden by Gordon Richards. Before the race the Earl of Rosebery accompanied his only daughter, Lady Helen Vivian Smith, looking nice in grey, into the paddock to see her horse Gold Digger, which unfortunately ran unplaced.

In the next race, lady owners were very much to the fore, owning two out of the three runners! Mrs. Harvey was there to see her Black Peter in this race. Attractive Mme. Lafarge had come over from France hoping to see her grey perform, but she was disappointed, as the French horse, after making all the running, was beaten by a length and a half.

There were no members of the Royal Family present, and in the Royal Box I noticed Sir Eric Mievile, for some years His Majesty's Assistant Private Secretary, who is a keen racing enthusiast; the Netherlands Minister, M. Verduynen; Lady de Trafford, the Earl and Countess of Durham and Lord Sefton. On the stand nearby, Dorothy Countess Beatty, looking so nice in blue, was watching the racing with Mr. Rory More-O'Ferrall, who cheered The Bug home with great gusto. Mrs. Sacheverell Sitwell was just in front with the Duchess of Westminster, smart in navy and white print.

IN THE SUNNY PADDOCK

DIANA WYNARD, looking lovely in a turban, was in the paddock with Mr. Bill O'Brien. Here also, I found Gen. Sir Hastings Ismay, in mufti, looking at the horses before each race. Lord Porchester with Mr. Tommy Egerton, Lady Baron with Mrs. Longmore, the Hon. William and Mrs. MacGowan, Mrs. Walter Buckmaster with her daughters, Evalie and Beryl; Joan Lady Worthington-Evans, Lady Diana Dixon, smart in blue; Lady Lavinia Rogerson and Major Rupert and the Hon. Mrs. Hardy (who had been lucky to get lifts to the course when their car broke down) were all enjoying a good afternoon's racing in lovely sunshine.

A very young spectator I noticed, looking picturesque in his kilt, was seven-year-old Lord Lyell, who was there with his mother, Lady Lyell, and taking a keen interest in the unsaddling of the winner after each race.

AT THE TATE GALLERY

THE directors of the Contemporary Art Society gave an evening party at the Tate Gallery for a private view of the selection of works of art acquired by the Society since 1910, and which are now on view in the first three rooms of the Tate Gallery until October 31st. The Society, which was founded to acquire the work of living artists by purchase or gift, has given the Tate Gallery works by such artists as Augustus John, Pablo Picasso, Duncan Grant, Georges Rouault, Aristide Maillol and Paul Nash. As its buyers, the Society has had the benefit of the critical choice of such collectors as Sir Michael Sadler, Mr. Roger Fry, Mrs. Cazalet Keir, Sir Edward Marsh and Sir Kenneth Clark.

For the reception, which about 500 people attended, there was a long buffet, and small tables charmingly decorated with chrysanthemums in the fourth gallery, and among those

who were there during the evening were Sir Edward Marsh and Sir Jasper Ridley, both of whom take a great interest in the Society; Sir John Conybeare, the Earl of Plymouth, Sir Edgar Bonham-Carter, Sir Robert Witt, Dorothy Dickson, Sir Alexander Martin, Mr. Colin Anderson, Lord Hambleden, a great patron of the arts; Mr. Graham Sutherland, Nova Pilbeam, Flora Robson, Lady (A. P.) Herbert and Sir Colville Barclay, who is following in his late father's footsteps in the Diplomatic Corps.

NEW CABARET

MANY people brought parties to the Berkeley to hear Anne de Nys and John Ridley open their new cabaret which is running there now. They will be remembered as two of "That Certain Trio" (the third was Patrick Waddington, who has only just been demobilised), one of the best cabaret turns just before the war. Their very witty songs with two pianos are snappy and original, and they got a great reception.

The Earl of Carnarvon was sitting at a sofa table with glamorous Jeanne Stuart, and Lord Dangan was another with a table for two. Mr. W. W. Scott, Master of the North Cotswold, was dining à deux with his attractive wife. Others who brought parties included Sir John Duncanson, who lives in Warwickshire; Col. Ashby, Gen. Bond, Mr. van Moppes, who was over from Belgium; and Sir Richard Peirse.



Paul John Anthony is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Tony Thornton, and is seen with his parents after his christening in Chelsea. Mr. Thornton is soon to appear in the forthcoming production of "Antony and Cleopatra," with Edith Evans and Godfrey Tearle



Viscount and Viscountess Dangan's son was christened the Hon. Richard Francis Wellesley in London recently. The godparents were Col. Ririd Myddelton, Mr. John Papillon, Mrs. Quentin Ross and Mrs. Pelissier. Lord Dangan is the son and heir of Earl Cowley



Racing accompanied the sales. Here the entries for the Autumn Produce Stakes are being paraded in the paddock

Newmarket Sales: Second Session

Following the Newmarket yearling sales in September, a second session of four days was held at the beginning of this month. Bidding was again extremely keen, and the lots realised nearly 187,000 guineas



The Duchess of Norfolk, the Hon. Lionel Montagu, Mr. James de Rothschild and Mr. Jack Clayton



Lady Alexandra Beasley, sister of the Earl of Wilton, and Miss Gaskell



Mr. J. A. Dewar, whose Cameronian won the Derby in 1931, with the Hon. Lionel Montagu



Mrs. Delabrooke and Mr. F. N. Gee were two interested spectators



Col. Giles Loder, Mrs. John Dewar and the Earl of Dundonald, who is the 13th Earl and succeeded his father in 1935

The Portman Meets at Shroton Fair

The village fair at Shroton had an outstanding attraction recently when the Portman met on the fairground. The Portman, which dates from 1857, has its hunting country in Dorset, Wiltshire and Hampshire, and is centred on Blandford, in Dorset, where the kennels are



The Master, the Marquess of Kildare, who is the son and heir of the Duke of Leinster



Major and Mrs. I. Ashworth. Mrs. Ashworth was formerly Miss Pat Kelly



The Marchioness of Kildare, who married Lord Kildare in June of this year



Miss Selina Baker, the only daughter of Sir Randolph Baker, Bt., and Lady Baker



Miss Audrey Oliver with Miss Julie O'Kelly and Miss J. Watts at the meet



Mrs. D. Parkes, who as Miss Doreen Hunt was well known as a child rider



The meet at Shroton Fair. The Portman is varied hunting country, for the Vale is strongly fenced bank-and-ditch country and the hills are very open, with light ploughland and large woodland

Photographs by Charles E. Brown

PRISCILLA in PARIS

Raimu Takes A Last Curtain

WHEN war broke out in 1914 a certain magnate of the theatre, who had planned an extremely brilliant autumn season, is reported to have said: "Fancy doing this to me!"

The death of Raimu has caused very much the same reaction amid his countless film fans, who cannot imagine their picture life empty of Raimu. It may seem difficult to believe, but thousands of his screen admirers have never seen him on the stage, and this explains the somewhat selfish and callous attitude of those who only regret a black-and-white image that, though it spoke and moved, was never really alive to them.

It is his friends of the theatre who really mourn him. Those who have worked and played with him are those who will really miss him, though he was often difficult to get on with. When he was staging a play—for he was a wonderful and greatly-sought-after producer—his terse manner and sudden gusts of temper were more than a little alarming. His comments were sometimes blistering, but his rare words of praise were therefore all the more prized by those to whom he accorded them, and somehow, at the end of the rehearsal, nearly everyone had received his, or her, meed of encouragement.

RAIMU is, I believe, known to London audiences for his screen work, and has been seen mostly in character parts, rather frowsty, lumbering, elderly men with the accent of Marseilles, but it was he who created the leading role in the French version of *The Man in Dress Clothes*, in which he was as polished a clubman, with a Parisian accent, as he was a perfect, loud-voiced, vulgar old barkeeper in *Marius*.

I first met Raimu some thirty years ago, when we were both playing in a revue by Rip at the Cigale. Spinelly was the leading lady. She was known as "the pocket Venus," and the sketches in which she and tall, hefty young Raimu appeared were most amusing. She was terrified of him, for he used to pick her up, when the spirit moved him during the performance, and dump her down in all sorts of unexpected places on the stage, gagging his part and hers and reducing the rest of us to helpless laughter, in which the audience shared.

Only one person was not amused, and he was the author.

Every evening Raimu's arrival in his dressing-room meant excursions and alarms. He always lacked one or another necessary item of make-up, and he used to raid the neighbouring dressing-rooms for what he needed. When we tried locking our make-up boxes, he went off with the whole box and picked the lock, so that in the end we always had doubles of everything and harmony was restored.

FOR the last few years Raimu had been a member of the Comédie Française, and his loss to this State theatre is incalculable now that so many *sociétaires*, resenting the recent changes that have taken place, have resigned from the famous company of Comédiens Français.

It would take too long to set down the whys and wherefores of the changes that are being made in the ordering and management of the Comédie, but they must be wise, since they have been made in agreement with a Council composed of such notabilities as André Obey, the present administrator of the theatre (who is also the author of many plays; his *Noah* has been given in London); Jean-Jacques Bernard and Charles Vildrac; such well-known actor-managers as Louis Jouvet and Gaston Baty; celebrated actors: Denis d'Inès, Pierre Dux, Jean Meyer and Robert Manuel; famous dramatic critics: Robert Kemp, of *le Monde*, Pierre Brisson and Gérard Baüer, who is the author of the delightful articles that he signs "Guermantes" in *Figaro*, and who has done so much for English literature in France.

THE innovation that has caused the greatest stir in theatre-going circles is the taking over, by the Théâtre Français, of the dear, fusty old Odéon theatre on the Left Bank. It has been renamed La Salle Luxembourg, while the actual Comédie Française will be known as the Salle Richelieu and will be the home of the classic repertory.

All the new plays will have their *première* at the ex-Odéon or Salle Luxembourg. It is there that Pamela Stirling will appear in a French version of *Peter Pan*, which was given in English many years ago at the Vaudeville with Pauline

Chase; when all the Paris critics, to a man, rose in their wrath and objected to the *tableau vivant* that showed Peter in the cocked hat and grey coat of Napoleon on board the Bellerophon. French Peter will only be seen at Christmas, the opening production this autumn being an historical play, *Le Lever du Soleil*, on the youth of Louis XIV., by Mme. Simone and her late husband, François Porché, which would have been given in 1939 if the war had not decided otherwise.

At the Richelieu there is to be a new French version of *Hamlet* by Marcel Pagnol played by Pierre Blanchard, who is a newcomer to the Français but who is a remarkable actor. (Was he not unreservedly lauded by Mr. James Agate for his acting in *Carnet de Bal*, which was seen on the screen in London?) Another *Hamlet* will be given at the Théâtre Marigny. This will be André Gide's translation and will be played by Jean-Louis Barrault, who is one of the most famous of the seven *sociétaires* who have left the Comédie Française. The Marigny Ophelia will be Mlle. Jacqueline Bouvier, Marcel Pagnol's beautiful young actress-wife. The Pagnol *ménage* has a finger in every theatrical pie.

OTHER quitters from the Comédie are Mary Bell, who will be in a Bernstein revival at the Ambassadeurs, and Aimé Clarion, who is to play at the Antoine when the current success, *Ten Little Niggers*, comes off. All this means many pleasant evenings for visitors to Paris who know what good acting means.

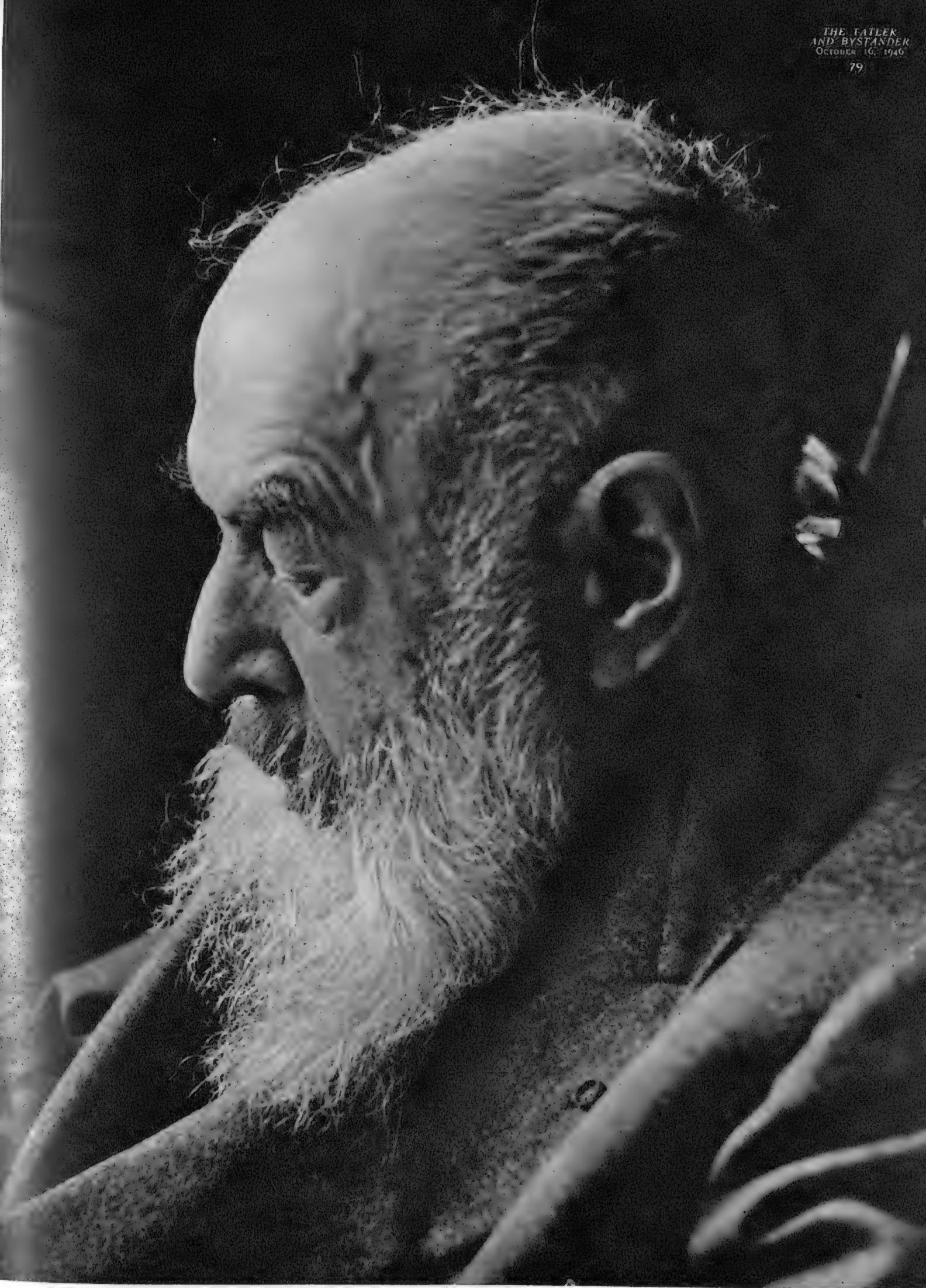
Voilà!

● A very charming and intelligent but not very reliable young man was in search of a job. An influential friend tried to boost him with a prospective employer. "Give him a trial," said this kindly person. "He can be useful to you in all sorts of ways—he knows everybody." "Yes," answered the reluctant employer dubiously, "and everybody knows him!"

TRISTAN BERNARD

[Photograph by Baron

In 1886 General Boulanger, Minister of War, gave permission for young soldiers to wear a beard. Tristan Bernard, then twenty years old, was undergoing his military service at Saint-Omer. The regimental barber was a bad one, and so appeared a fine black beard, now the most celebrated and well-loved in France. Bernard started his career as a director of a vélodrome, but it was not long before he turned to letters. The famous plays *L'Anglais Tel Qu'on le Parle*, *Le Petit Café* and *Jules, Juliette et Julien* are among his better-known works. By far the best-known man of letters in France to-day, Tristan Bernard, at one time a sprightly, mischievous figure seen at the races, playing golf, joking, is now rather weary, deaf and inclined to be critical of much in the modern scene. He is particularly fond of crossword puzzles, which he takes great pleasure in solving. This photograph was taken on his eightieth birthday, which he celebrated recently. He has a charming wife, and two adopted children





Mr. Guy Morton, who ran the shoot, with his small daughter Lavinia



Mr. Stephen van Neck, Chief Constable of Norfolk, taking aim



Some of the party assemble: Mr Guy Morton, Mrs. Guy Morton and Lavinia, Mr. Stephen van Neck, Mr. C. van Neck, Sir Thomas Devitt, Sir Pierce Lacy and Mr. H. C. Martineau

"The Tatler" A PARTRIDGE SHOOT

Partridge shooting in East Anglia is held by many experienced shots to be a more exciting sport and to demand a higher standard of marksmanship than either grouse or pheasant shooting, owing to the partridge's superior aerobatic ability. The shoot at Pickenham Hall, Norfolk, home of Mr. J. S. Morton (he is eighty-eight and up to this year shot regularly), is always looked forward to by those fortunate enough to be invited. Shooting has taken place there for over twenty years, and before the war—during which the house was first used as a hospital and was then taken over by the Air Ministry—some very big bags were recorded.



Moving off in the early morning sun

Goes to . . .

T IN NORFOLK

owing to lack of keepers, and this year the abnormal
ns in addition, when many young partridges were
owned, there was a scarcity of birds, though on the day
strated the satisfactory total of eighty brace of partridge,
well as several hares, was secured by the six guns. The
y's sport was organised by Mr. Guy Morton, son of the
ner, and its success was largely due to his capable dis-
positions. It is hoped that when pheasant shooting com-
mences the Pickenham pheasants will be more plentiful than
e partridges, although they too have suffered, in common
th game everywhere, from the exceptional summer rainfall



*Mrs. Guy Morton and Lavinia watch Sir Thomas Devitt,
of Dunmow, Essex, loading his gun*



*Sir Thomas Devitt takes a shot as the birds come over
the copse*



towards the first stand

Photographs by Swaebe



*Two more of the party were Mr. and Mrs. Alan Keith with their handsome
Labrador's, whose clever retrieving helped considerably to increase the bag*

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

"I CAN make a new sports coat for you," agreed the overworked tailor, "but it won't be ready for six months."

"Six months!" protested the customer. "Why, the entire world was created in six days."

"True," said the tailor, "and have you taken a good look at it lately?"

A FUGITIVE scientist from a Boris Karloff horror picture dreamed up a serum that would bring inanimate objects to life. He surreptitiously tried it out on the statue of a general in Central Park. The statue gave a quiver, and a moment later the general, creaking a bit in the joints, climbed down from his pedestal. The scientist was overjoyed.

"I have given you life!" he exulted. "Now tell me, General, what is the first thing you are going to do with it?"

"That's easy," rasped the general, ripping a gun from his holster. "I'm going to shoot about two million pigeons."

A BEGGAR knocked unsuspectingly at the door of the village policeman. The door opened and, with head bent, the beggar started telling the tale.

"I didn't eat yesterday," he whined, "and I haven't eaten to-day." He raised his eyes and noticed blue-uniformed legs, "and," he ended, "I don't care a hang if I don't eat to-morrow either."

AN American G.I. and a Russian soldier in Berlin were discussing their respective Governments. The G.I. told the Russian that he could go to Washington, knock on the White House door, ask President Truman how he was, and "then wag my finger in front of his face and tell him just what I think of Harry S. Truman."

Said the Russian: "I can go to the Kremlin, ask to see Generalissimo Stalin, ask him how he is, wag my finger in front of his face, and also tell him just what I think—about Harry S. Truman."

AN American visitor was deeply disturbed by the fact that his stories of the wonders of his country made singularly little impression on his English friends. He did not seem to bring home to them the gigantic size of his home State, or, for that matter, the superior speed of American transport.

"Say, listen!" he said at last. "You can get into a train in the State of Texas at dawn, and twenty-four hours later you'll still be in Texas."

"Ah, yes," murmured one of his audience, "we've got some pretty slow trains in this country, too."

A YOUNG lawyer attended the funeral of a financier.

A friend arrived a little late, took a seat beside the lawyer, and whispered: "How far has the service gone?"

The lawyer nodded towards the clergyman and whispered back tersely: "Just opened for the defence."

MACPHERSON had wandered off to another church and his parson was striving to bring him back to the fold.

"Why weren't you at the kirk on Sunday?" he inquired.

"I was at Mr. MacGregor's kirk," Macpherson replied airily.

"Now," reasoned the parson, "I don't like your running around to strange kirks like that. Not that I object to your hearing Mr. MacGregor, but I'm sure you wouldn't like your sheep straying into strange pastures."

"Parson," was the calm rejoinder, "I widna care a straw—if it was better grass."



Miss Betty Nicol's *Dusty* takes the triple bar like a greyhound



The young rider keeps a firm seat as Miss Mavis Pale's *Romany* jumps the gate

Show-Jumping Styles of Young Riders at the Gymkhana

D. B. WYNDHAM LEWIS

WELL-BRED Jerseys—such as that prize three-year-old just presented to Mr. Churchill by the Royal Jersey Agricultural Society—are so ravishingly beautiful that one can hardly marvel at Barrie's wellknown yearning to write a play called *The Cow-Woman*; from which theme, apparently, his friends detached him with some difficulty.

Despite the large number of citizens maimed yearly by ladies for making an issue of it, as the police-court news reveals, there's something to be said for the little King of Whimsy's theory that this type of woman is oddly fascinating and disturbing; especially—as you will agree after contemplating a starry-eyed Jersey at pasture for an hour or two—when placidly chewing away and saying nothing at all. No doubt Wordsworth, after experiencing a little of Lucy's fawn-like sportiveness, would have bitterly agreed.

She shall be restful as the cow
That masticates beneath the bough,
And shuns all roguey-poguey;
A curse on these Old Roodean tricks
That give yours faithfully the sick,
And make me run like Bogey!

You find the best Vaccine Type, a travelled chap tells us, in Nordic areas, and particularly in Sweden, blonde, comely, and reposeful; which possibly explains why the Swedes have the best telephone-service in Europe. They can't have much to say, but the dialling must be great fun. Hello, Hjalmar? Helga's just moved.

Maestro

SNUFFBOXES continue to fetch extremely high prices at Christie's, we observe, though nobody nowadays knows how and when to use them.

The art died with Lord Petersham, a notable collector and a favourite Regency figure of ours. When somebody one day admired the snuffbox of delicate light-blue Sèvres porcelain he was using, Petersham agreed, more or less. "A nithe thummer bockth. It would never do for winter wear." For the winter his lordship preferred something heavier, in gold, being more sensible than the Prince Regent, who changed his mistresses and his shirts with reasonable frequency but would use the same snuffbox for months at a time, regardless of the weather. This evoked some high-shouldered shrugs at White's, one need hardly add.

Another lost craft practised by Lord Petersham was the mixing of blacking, in which he hoped to excel Colonel Kelly of the Foot-Guards, whose brilliant boots were the talk of London and who died in a fire, trying gallantly to rescue his favourite pair. On learning of the Colonel's end his friends naturally rushed to

engage his valet, who held the blacking-secret. Lord Plymouth eventually got him at £200 a year, or about £1000 in modern money.

Footnote

As the world reels and staggers to its doom these notables are worth a moment's remembering, perhaps. They had odious faults, but they were artists and knew the sacred flame. Your hat would have killed them.

Visitor

IF, while you were sipping your morning tea, in your customary dazed and querulous condition, a wild African buffalo suddenly crashed through the bedroom door and charged you like a thunderbolt—as happened to a citizen in Mombasa recently—what would you do?

The Mombasa citizen grappled the animal desperately by the horns and ultimately forced it out on the verandah, whence it fled. In a more sophisticated environment (we gather after careful enquiry) he'd have accepted the situation without a struggle, knowing that an early-morning buffalo in the bedroom is merely a sublimation of the night's phantasy-life and the visual crystallisation of those dreams of irresistible power common to the timid. This would be brought out very fully at the inquest.

Whether Cocteau developed this point in *Le Bœuf sur le Toit* we don't remember. The main thing is, if possible, to ring up a psychiatrist at once, a wellknown Harley Street authority known as "Dirty Dick" was telling us. The conversation would go, most likely:

"There's a wild African buffalo in my bedroom."

"One moment." (Short pause. Scuffling noises.)

"Right. Sorry to keep you waiting—just a bit of trouble with a unicorn. Now then, what is it?"

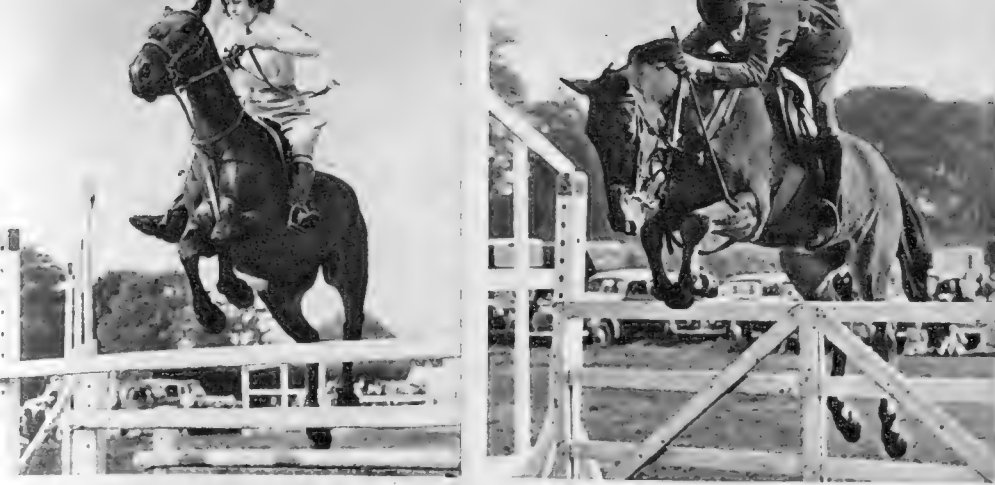
You possibly didn't know that psychopaths suffer equally with you? As Freud so beautifully puts it: "Do not be astonished to hear that the physician himself occasionally takes sides with the illness he is attacking." In a word, the boy is often as nuts as you are. He charges more fiercely than any buffalo, however.

Frustrations

A SPIKY music-critic complaining of the "intermittent languor" of the chorus in a recent choral-symphony performance was callously ignoring that *mal de chœur* which is almost as old a disease as choral singing itself.

When a chorus is languid, it is disillusioned and sick of hope deferred. As a sombre modern poet expresses it:

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
We watch the baton wagging to and fro,



Held at the Royal Paddocks, Hampton Court

Miss Mary Charles's Rama clears the triple bar with great aplomb

Alan Oliver, who was first in the jumping class, taking the gate on Tony

Standing By ...

While huge sopranos howl in lyric fits
A gray depression on our spirit sits;
Knowing full well, and knowing from the first,
However divas bulge, they rarely burst.

Long, long ago at Queen's Hall we remember an illustrious diva who gave everybody (including the audience) very high hopes indeed, for half the programme was songs of passion and the big girl was in arch, nay, skittish mood, leaning forward with rolling eyes and swaying like a Black Ball racing tea-trade clipper rounding the Horn. Her accompanist was abnormally haggard and anxious. He knew that if things blew up the blast or backwash would get him as well as the dopes in front, so he ended each song on the tiniest pianissimo whisper, straining his ears for the first fateful crack.

The danger passed, the box-office manager wore and wiped his brow, and overstrained nerves relaxed in a riot of shaky applause. Has it ever struck you that 75 per cent. of that ritual clapping is pure relief?

Ordeal

SYMPATHETICALLY noting that at the "Britain Can Make It" Exhibition, as at the previous opening of the Tate, many citizens collapsed in settees in utter exhaustion and passed out, amused once more on the awful power of Beauty as expressed in Art.

One of the world's master-thinkers has defined the essentials of beauty as three in number—integrity, proportion, and clarity. Why these should get the Race so groggy we don't understand, seeing it is surrounded by beauty, and especially in the Chelsea and South Kensington sectors, where the pans of the inhabitants are lovelier than dawn over Fiesole. A Gallup poll we privately conducted on the question "Why should Art make your feet hurt?" yielded this result:

- "Yes." (95 per cent.)
- "No." (95 per cent.)
- "Don't know." (95 per cent.)

Which seems as conclusive as any other Gallup poll. However, we've since stumbled on one practical solution. There's a celebrated Watts canvas at the Tate called "Hope", depicting an English gentlewoman sitting on a large spinning globe, fingering a harp with broken strings and preserving her poise with superb nonchalance. Our theory is that this picture makes the beholder dizzy with dread lest Hope should fall off and disgrace not only herself but the Empire at large. For this reason settees are placed within easy reach by the kindly Tate Trustees. If you hear a stifled guffaw it's probably some light-minded Celt, like us. Inform the nearest attendant.

Secret

PROPOS. the coming hunting-season, a gossip has been wondering frivolously what hard men to hounds do with themselves all the summer, apart from thinking about horses. We can tell him. They secrete adrenalin.

Without sufficient adrenalin-secretion it is impossible to be in that constant state of intensive rage required in the hunting-field. If you don't find this mentioned by Somerville, Beckford, "Nimrod," Surtees, "Brooksby," "Sabretache," and other authorities it is merely because foxhunters are assumed to be aware of it from birth. We knew a newly-appointed Master whose secretion was so insufficient that instead of swearing at a hard girl at a crowded gap he addressed her bareheaded, with exquisite humility and the politeness of the *Vieille Cour*, begging her to take "that precedence which Beauty demands, and which Chivalry dictates." At the next covert the news flew round that the new Master was drunk, dirty, mad, addicted to dope, a crook, a cad, cashiered, and bigamous. This judgment was confirmed when he approached a terrible leathery woman during a check and observed smilingly: "You will forgive my mentioning, Madam, that it occurs to me that you possibly may have headed my fox?"

The leathery woman, bursting with fury, replied in the customary manner, and the Master, sincerely wounded, bit his lip and retired. All that season his life was hell. He pulled himself up just in time for the next season by hiring obvious bounders to insult and irritate him all through the summer.

Line

IN roguey mood the National Savings publicity-boys recently issued a piece entitled "Next Week Income-Tax Goes on Holiday," showing a veiled and hooded figure packing a suitcase. One doubts if this will magic the bourgeoisie to any extent, alas.

No large-scale publicity at the moment being successful without a dash of pure moronism, the boys could surely have invented a comic strip featuring a saucy girl-figure called Trixie Tax, undergoing all sorts of amusing adventures? Trixie Tax at the Seaside. Trixie Tax Goes Motoring. Trixie Tax in the Black Market. Trixie Tax in Love. An accompaniment of slightly cretinous verse in rhymed couplets would naturally increase sales-appeal. You'd think keen publicity-boys would know all this, but some, we note with pangs of genuine regret, are even so backward as to be still depending on Literature for a lure and showing Mr. Pickwick recommending a cure for acidosis to Little Nell, and so forth. The patent drawback of shooting this line being that the bourgeoisie knows very few literary characters and does not care for any of them very much.



"That's funny—whatever became of that policeman who stopped us?"



"What's the French for tinned pilchards?"



"Ever had any trouble with your liver before?"

Pictures in the Fire

Sabretoche

THE following quite nice little yarn comes from Pitcaple Castle, the Highland fastness of a sporting admiral: "Your note about Nebuchadnezzar reminds me of this anecdote. A party of racing enthusiasts arranged a dinner to which they had to ask a bishop. The sportsman who was to sit on the other side of his Reverence was told by the host to be very careful not to talk horse, because the bishop knew nothing about that animal. Our friend sat mute through most of the dinner; then a bright idea struck him. 'My lord,' he said, 'have you any idea how long it took to get Nebuchadnezzar fit after they took him up off the grass?'"

The Admiral then adds: "The result of the Leger, which of course was a foregone conclusion as long as the rain continued to fall, gives me the idea that Perryman must be unique amongst trainers, for he had two of the best, if not the very best, stayers in the country in his stable, and apparently only just found it out in time, or is it that his gallops are always on the hard side and they won't do their best? Lowrey evidently learnt what was required, and repeated the very sound tactics he showed in the Derby at least three furlongs from the winning-post."

"The Long Dart"

As usual in a paper like this, compelled by a force of circumstances to live a futuristic existence, inevitably it stands at a disadvantage where "futures" are concerned, for so much may happen between the time of the written word and publication. These notes, for instance, will see the light of day on October 16th, the very date of the Cesarewitch, but have been absorbed by the printer about ten days previously.

In spite of his failure to beat the French horse, Urgay, in the Kensington Palace Stakes (2 miles) at Ascot on September 28th, and in spite of his then being in receipt of 4 lbs., I feel that Reynard Volant's Ascot Stakes (2½ miles) and Goodwood Stakes (2 miles 3 furlongs) performances are good enough to make him a remunerative each-way bet. In the latter he well and truly beat Ford Transport (received 2 lbs.), and was carrying the quite steady weight of 8 st. 10 lbs.

In the Cesarewitch (2½ miles) Urgay has accepted with 9 st. 7 lbs., and probably will not run, Reynard Volant 8 st. 13 lbs. Urgay is rated eighteenth in the French list of the best French horses, Caracalla II. being No. 1, Marsyas II., another about whose merits we know, being No. 3. Black Peter, the Kensington Palace Stakes winner, is not going for the Cesarewitch, and this is true of Murren, who failed lamentably in the Jockey Club Stakes. They have been making him favourite for the Cesarewitch for some time past purely on his performance against Airborne in the Leger, when he was beaten quite comfortably.

Royal Winner

THE victory in the Jockey Club Stakes of His Majesty's Rising Light, winner also of the Newmarket St. Leger, may, let us hope, cause a reconsideration of the decision to sell him. He had the race in his pocket a good half-mile from home. Nothing went out on to the course looking better, a fact upon which Cecil Boyd-Rochfort is due the highest encomium.

If the Cesarewitch is to be taken away from us by a foreign horse, I expect that it will reopen a question that has been agitating not a few: "Can we afford to be generous before we are just?" The supplementary question is: "Why should John Smith, when he goes to Switzerland or to any other place where there is food, only be allowed to take barely enough money to see him through a fortnight in comfort, whereas Jean Coq can come over here with a racehorse and take away as much money as he likes?" The answer would seem

to be that John Smith should include a racehorse in his luggage.

An Irish Stayer

CONGRATULATIONS to a friend of many years upon Cassock's win at The Curragh, and let us hope that we shall see this nice colt by Casanova over here next year, for obviously he stays. He won his race in good old Irish mud, and as Casanova is a half-brother of Precipitation, who has given us Airborne, a racehorse and a half, there is every encouragement to his owner, Major Dermot McCalmont, to send him here to have a tilt at our best and further help to dig in a fine long-distance strain. It is an additional satisfaction to his owner to have bred Cassock himself.

Dermot McCalmont has always been an enthusiast ever since subaltern days in the 7th Hussars, when he was a G.R. above the average and of the right weight to allow him to get as much riding as he wanted in open races against The Professors. Anyone who has seen him in these later times hunting the Kilkenny hounds will know that he sits in exactly the right spot. It is too *vieux jeu* talking about his having owned The Tetrarch, Tetratema, his son, and Mr. Jinks, his grandson, both the latter winners of our Two Thousand, but, fond as the owner is of the Turf, it is my bet that he is even fonder of hunting. He has had the Kilkenny since 1921, and if you can find better kennels than the ones he built at Mount Juliet about the time he took over from Mr. Ikey Bell, who came from The Blazers, most people will be pleased to hear of them. When last I saw these hounds they were beautifully level, with a taste of that good "Curre" blood in them.

"The Bark That Once . . ."

MR. IKEY BELL was also fond of it—and with reason. The Kilkenny can claim the distinction of being the oldest established regular county pack in all Ireland, despite the fact of Brian Boru and the "dogs" he had at Tara. No one knows much about that fighting king's pack, beyond that everything was done up to the knocker, as far as they knew it in the days before the Battle of Clontarf! Grand days they must have been, fighting and fox-hunting six days a week, or, maybe, even seven.

The Kilkenny do not claim to be the first pack of foxhounds known in Ireland, because ever since there has been an Irishman, a horse, a hound and something to hunt, it has been going forward. It is established, however, that hunting was in full swing in Kilkenny in Charles I.'s days (*vide* Lord Castlehaven's *History of the Irish Wars*, circa 1648).

Caveat!

As indirect support to various recent notes in these columns upon the obvious intention of the new Government in India eventually to usurp the functions of the recognised Turf Authorities in that country, the R.C.T.C. and the R.W.I.T.C., I take the liberty of purloining the following paragraph from an article in *The Sporting Life* by "Warren Hill."

The Jockey Club will be in a most enviable position if the Government mean to cash in on racing, for they can demand their own terms, even though they themselves take no cognisance of betting. For, no matter how efficiently or otherwise the coal, iron and steel, or electricity industries may fare under nationalisation, it is perfectly certain that racing under Government control would be the end of the sport! The very idea opens up the most horrifying possibilities. It would probably be months before the result of the Derby was officially "released," as the proverbial reluctance of the Civil Service to make a decision would entail nothing less than a Cabinet decision or Royal Commission to place 1, 2 and 3 after a close finish.

There is many a true word spoken in jest.



Viscountess of Saint Sauveur (Morfontaine, France) with J. G. Sherlock, the club professional and starter, and Miss Josephine Duncan (Wanganui, New Zealand)



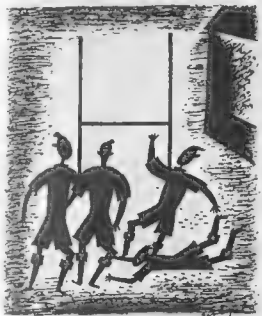
Mrs. A. M. H. Wardlaw (City of Newcastle), Miss Joan Pemberton (Bramall Park), Mrs. Clarrie Reddan (Co. Louth) and Mme. A. M. Vagliano (Morfontaine)



Lady Katharine Cairns (Burnham and Berrow) with Miss Maud Harleman (Saltsjobadens, Sweden) before their game in the fourth round on the Hunstanton course

The British Women's Golf Championship

SCOREBOARD



SPORT has known no more remarkable man than John Daniell, who recently entered his second and final year as President of the English Rugby Union, and wears his bowler-hat at the early-Edwardian angle, on the extreme stern of the head.

A band of disgruntles sought to spike his second period of Presidency. Sir Wavell Wakefield, M.P., most famous England forward of the inter-war years, was asked to stand, and declined. Two other illustrious bygone players did likewise.

These refusals in no way deterred the rebels, and, at the Presidential election meeting, Gilbertian speeches were made in support of candidates who were not standing; a feat reminiscent of the spiritualistic lady who, addressing the dining-room table chair where her husband had sat twenty-five years earlier, said: "How are you to-day, my dear?" so causing the new footman to blush and drop the potatoes.

Daniell, a Cambridge Rugger blue and forward, captained England at the age of twenty-three and retired from the game soon afterwards, "before," as he has said, "I needed to be propped up in the scrum." At cricket he played for Cambridge and Somerset, and was a Test selector in 1921, when Gregory and McDonald dynamited our batsmen and more than thirty cricketers played for England. The Selectors were subjected to what is known as bitter criticism. Daniell replied: "We only made one mistake. We should have played all the thirty at once."

AS captain of the then bankrupt Somerset County Cricket Club, John had to peer around for amateur talent. He cast a wide and running net, into which, he would remark, fell those who had chanced to visit Wells Cathedral on a holiday or, en route to Penzance, alighted to stretch their legs on Taunton platform.

To avoid offence to other counties, he picked those who were qualified for nowhere by birth or residence; the Ishmaelites. Other captains were less prudent in the scramble for players, and Worcestershire, luring L. G. Crawley from Durham, fell foul of the Marylebone Club; an incident which led to a difference between Lord Harris and the Worcestershire President, Lord Beerhurst; these nobles, on the steps of the sanctuary at Lord's, exchanged ironical bows and short elevations of grey top-hats.

At the age of forty-six Daniell made 174 not out and 108 in a match against Essex. When watching the Rugger match last winter between England and New Zealand Army he was asked, a little off-handedly, by some bigwig: "I say, how are your fellows packing in the scrum?" "Not 3-1-4, like you beggars, anyhow," was the patriotic if unexpected reply.

THE playing of the Ladies' Golf Championship at Hunstanton recalled to me one of the founders and designers of those links, J. C. Morgan-Brown, who tried to teach me the rudiments of washing and Attic Greek. His school was a happy place. Masters and boys combined to play surrounding cricket teams of men. Bathing was in the sea, and lessons waited upon the state of the tide.

Later, the school moved to Hindhead, to a house then leased by G. Bernard Shaw. For football, we walked a mile and a half through the village. Discreet stragglers on the homeward journey were sometimes beckoned in by the old lady who kept the sweet-shop. Bust me, how we ramble on.

R. G. Roberts Glasgow.



The "Hampshire Hogs," Now Touring B.A.O.R.

Originally known as "Men of Hambledon and Brownberry Down." Standing: G. P. Weston, L. G. Garner, J. C. O'Dwyer, R. J. Northcote Green, G. Brown (umpire). Sitting: W. H. Pool, F. G. Irving, A. H. Lewis (captain), J. R. Ransome, K. S. P. McDowall. On ground: J. P. R. Whelan, T. M. Patterson



Finalists in the Bournemouth Hockey Tournament—

The West of England Wanderers, who lost to Southampton in the final of the six-a-side Hockey Tournament held at Bournemouth recently. Standing: M. Guerrers, R. F. T. Paterson, E. S. Hann. Sitting: B. M. Young (Oxford U.), Norman Borrett (Cambridge U. and England), G. McFarlane (Cambridge U.)



—and the Team That Beat Them

D. R. Stuart

Southampton Hockey Club beat the West of England Wanderers in the final of the Bournemouth Hockey Tournament after extra play, following a draw of one goal each. Standing: H. R. Downer, T. P. R. Mason, W. Domone. Sitting: L. K. Wootton, H. G. Gibbons (captain), J. D. Freeman



The Deer Roam Freely Again in Bushey Park, Released from Military Occupation

ELIZABETH BOWEN'S BOOK REVIEWS

"Fanfare for Elizabeth"

"Pipe Night"

"Death and the Pleasant Voices"

"Pandora"

"**FANFARE FOR ELIZABETH**," by Edith Sitwell (Macmillan; 12s. 6d.), is something far rarer than a biography. It is a poetic interpretation of the mind of the girl-child and, later, young girl who was in time to become Queen Elizabeth—that brilliant, daunting and cryptic sixteenth-century figure, one of the greatest women in world-history, as to whose inner life we have no one accepted clue.

Thousands of speculations, a hundred workable theories have attached themselves, in the centuries since her death, to the indomitable English Virgin Queen—Spenser's Gloriana, Philip of Spain's triumphant enemy—capricious, courageous, effulgent; scholar and diplomat. Curiosity of every possible kind, from the lubricious to the scientific, has surrounded her. The psycho-analysts have had much to say. It is possible to piece Queen Elizabeth together from the known facts; but were we to hand that work over to science purely, we should have nothing warmer than a mechanised figure.

Her love-life (to use that hideous expression) has been the subject of contemporary and post-mortem espionage: it has been established that she loved the Earl of Leicester and enjoyed at least a play of mutual vanity with Leicester's brilliant nephew, Essex. But what made Queen Elizabeth what she was? What constricted the intensity of her feeling, and added the under-element of what could be fear to her known blend of hauteur and calculation?

We must look to childhood. However much we may revolt against the harsher rulings of the Freudian laws, we come to accept that the key is hidden in early years. Miss Sitwell's interpretation of Elizabeth is in no sort of way a Freudian book—it is, rather, charged with the stormclouds and darkling mists of poetic tragedy. *Fanfare for Elizabeth* is a book such as only a poet—and, I think, a great poet who is also a woman and a rememberer of childhood—could have written. It shows, or suggests, the impact of a family life which, being royal, was also a part of history, on the sensibilities of a little girl: an impact which was at once to form and deform a creature called to magnificence in the world's eyes.

Solitary Princess

WHAT a childhood! We have a way of simplifying English history into a bright-coloured picture-book; its more brutal or harrowing implications are kept from us in the schoolroom, and we do not gladly seek them when we are older. Henry VIII. and his six wives provide, one might say, the most popular of those bright-coloured pages.

In fact, the King's marriages have an appalling inverse of fear and pain—Catherine of

Aragon, who, put away, died of a broken heart; Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard, who died on the scaffold; meek, calculating Jane Seymour, who, ironically, died in realising her ambition—that of establishing herself by giving birth to a male heir. Only plain, good-natured Anne of Cleves, whose marriage was so promptly annulled, and yellow-haired, placid Katherine Parr, who survived, thrice-widowed, to marry faithless Admiral Seymour, can have been saved the depths of despair.

As for the King himself—no hero of Shakespeare's was more torn and buffeted by the violent complexities of his own nature. To the emotional total of all those memories, Elizabeth, the King's second daughter—and so much her father's daughter!—was to be heir.

Elizabeth was an infant when her mother, Anne Boleyn, went to the scaffold. That once-laughing creature (the "summery" Anne, as Miss Sitwell calls her) died execrated, deserted, branded as the loose woman she had always been in the people of England's eyes. What Elizabeth did not know at the time crept in on her consciousness afterwards; breeding, Miss Sitwell suggests, a mistrust of love never to be outrooted from Elizabeth's being. On top of this were to come the successive tragedies of her youthful stepmothers—most notably the exposed corruption of the unfortunate little Katherine Howard. And, time after time the Princess felt, from afar, the repercussion of all those lost illusions on her father's temperament—as Henry VIII. passed on, from the golden Renaissance prince he had been, into his obese, poisoned, suspicious declining years.

Meanwhile, the little girl, offspring of a denounced, discredited marriage, was very lonely. Here is Miss Sitwell's picture of her, in a remote country house, with Lady Bryane—the governess she shared with her not less unfortunate elder half-sister, Mary:

Lady Bryane, thinking of her two unfortunate nurselings, wiped her eyes, shaking her head mournfully. Then, turning in her chair, she saw the newly-disinherited Elizabeth standing beside her. The Princess, so young she was barely able to keep her feet, buried her head, which was the colour of a lion cub's, in Lady Bryane's bosom, and began to cry. First, she cried with a kind of angry roar—because she was furious with the rebellious tooth that would not come from its hiding-place—the tooth that defied her and would not let her have her own way—and because she was in pain. Then her tears fell more quietly, as if she were just a sad little girl—not a Princess who must not be contradicted, but a little child in a world that would never understand her—lonely and unloved.

Lady Bryane, picking her up, kissed her with a kind of hungry violence.

What are you to do with a being which even in childhood has an alien greatness, the look of a lion—and who is doomed to a history like that of the sun, a life of grandeur and loneliness and unseeing wisdom.

No World for Girls

IN fact, this late-Tudor world of high ambition, passion and power-politics was no place for young creatures—and least of all for girls. Intrigues sprang into being with each of Henry VIII.'s new passions; astute brothers and cousins hurried to Court in order to make hay while the sun shone. Each new young queen brought with her a faction which ultimately, through overshooting its mark, was to prove her downfall.

Miserable little Katherine Howard's brief reign was made hideous for her by blackmail—she remained in the power of those who knew the secret of her young girlhood; when, poor relation in the Norfolks' household, she had sold herself for a few pieces of finery. Anne Boleyn, of the great, slanting black eyes and the ill-judged laugh, not less felt her enemies closing in on her. These two tragic young beings, one her own mother, were in the adolescent Princess Elizabeth's mind when she, in her turn, found herself the subject of calumnious rumour. Admiral Seymour's attentions had been romping and noisy. The dignity of Elizabeth's stand, her refusal to betray the foolish people who, out of idleness, had furthered the Seymour "affair," have been worthily placed on record by Miss Sitwell.

Anne Boleyn and Katherine Howard are, with almost supernatural imagination, pictured in this book. Nor is the portrait of Henry VIII. himself less notable. Miss Sitwell renders the feelings of these people in their own terms—she does not make them creatures of the twentieth century. But we are not allowed to console ourselves with the notion that these people of a treacherous, violent age suffered less than we might under their circumstances. . . . These were the ghosts who were to pack the memory of a Queen; and who never, all through her life, ceased to haunt, and affect, her feeling. Can one wonder that Queen Elizabeth played safe?

Henry James, in his novel *What Maisie Knew*, gave us a delicate child-mind overcast and bewildered by surrounding adult passions. What Elizabeth knew, while still in her middle teens, fills this superb, terrible book Edith Sitwell writes.

Twentieth Century

"PIPE NIGHT" (Faber and Faber; 7s. 6d.) is a collection of sketches by John O'Hara. They are devastating, desiccated, disabused and, from the author of that great American novel

Appointment in Samarra, somewhat disappointing. Mr. O'Hara's short-sketch technique is perfect; he is absolute master of this form—his is always a name to look out for in the *New Yorker's* pages. But an original richness of humanity seems, lately, to have evaporated from his work.

Here [says Wolcott Gibbs, who writes the Preface to *Pipe Night*] is a story that very briefly and almost by implication gives you a sense of something—love or hope or self-respect—inevitably lost; here is another, direct and brutal; here is the brilliantly satirical obituary of a dull life; here is Hollywood, where so much takes place in a vacuum, and the South Shore of Long Island . . .

But it is not only in Hollywood, by Mr. O'Hara's showing, that things take place in a vacuum. All through these stories, the psychological atom seems to have been split—nothing is left; nothing, at least, that is worth living for. Drunks, adolescents, fancy-free wives, actresses, night-club pianists, summer-holiday people, divorced or divorcing couples, fighters on leave, journalists, exasperated husbands—all these move in, breathe in, parched, finished air. Brilliant light pours on to their fatuities and weaknesses, leaving nothing hid.

What a dire use for art—and what art this writer commands! He knows how to set a scene in a word or two; and in dialogue (of which many of the sketches consist largely) every phrase, with its individual wording and slant, tells. I can think of few recent books of collected stories that I have admired more and enjoyed less. Can I be sentimental? Possibly. But, on the other hand, I do sense one kind of sentimentality under Mr. O'Hara's slick, adept pessimism. Such stories as "Free," "Too Young," "Civilised," "Fire!," "Patriotism," "Summer's Day," "On Time" and "Revenge" are examples of what I mean. Here, as elsewhere, however, watch the sting in the tail.

Unwanted Heir

WITH *Death and the Pleasant Voices* (Michael Joseph; 9s. 6d.) Mary Fitt adds yet one more to the list of pungent novels which bear her name. Though these hinge on mystery—generally, too, on crime—they refuse to be classified as detective stories: the characters are subtle, their backgrounds have a troubling, important strangeness, independent of what has (or has not) happened. *Cues to Christabel* and *Requiem for Robert*, the two predecessors of this latest book, both held unique psychological situations. This time, in *Death and the Pleasant Voices*, we might appear to have something more stereotyped—a traveller, lost in a summer storm, arriving at a lonely country house, being shown straight into a drawing-room full of people and feeling, at once, that something is in the air. Indeed, the family party at Ullstone Hall has every reason to be keyed-up: the Ullstones are awaiting the arrival of the heir. The half-caste Hugo (on whom nobody has yet set eyes) is to dispossess the blond, handsome twins, Jim and Ursula; who, still their father's death, had believed themselves to be the only Ullstone children. Round the twins, ready to cold-shoulder the invader, are a group of their friends, lovers and relatives. It is round the predicament of Hugo that interest gathers. The young medical student who tells the story finds himself drawn in to the family drama and, inevitably, taking sides. Violence walks at night, strange revelations begin; soon, it is impossible for him to go away. The fascinating impostor, Marcel, and the apparently helpless, fluttering Evelyn both cast spells, and most of all, as so often in Miss Fitt's novels, the significant character in the story proves to be one who had died before the story began.

Glamour-Cat

CLARE TURLAY NEWBERRY, creator of *Marshmallow* (of "No home's complete without a rabbit" fame), now gives us *Pandora* (Hamish Hamilton; 6s.). This is the pictured story of the perfect glamour-cat: fluffy inhabitant of a New York apartment and possession of Peter, the little boy. I have seldom seen more lifelike cat drawings—those who dislike those harmless, necessary animals could hardly, I think, stay in the room with this book. Those who feel differently should shop early.



Major Lord Rathdonnell and Lady Rathdonnell were buying yearlings. Lord Rathdonnell served with the 15/19 Hussars in the war and his wife in the W.R.N.S.



Miss Priscilla Bullock and the Hon. Richard Stanley, who is a grandson of the Earl of Derby and a brother of Lord Stanley



Mr. R. C. Dawson talking to Mrs. Lillingston, who is the mother of the Earl of Harrington by her previous marriage



Miss Olive Creed, Commander Peter Fitzgerald, who owns the Mondellihy Stud, Co. Limerick, Mrs. Vernon Miller and Major Vernon Miller



Sir Thomas and Lady Ainsworth watched the parade. In this record sale of yearlings, top price of 4000 guineas was paid by Mr. Darby Rogers for Lord Fingall's handsome filly by Turkhan—Sweet Ceylonese. It was clearly evident that the victory of the Irish-bred Airborne in the English Derby and the St. Leger gave a big impetus to the sale

Photographs by Poole, Dublin



Cheyne — Hutchison

Major William Watson Cheyne, *The Seaforth Highlanders*, second son of Col. Sir Lister and Lady Cheyne, of Legarth, Fellar, Shetland, and Wetherden, Suffolk, married Miss Laurel Audrey Hutchison, elder daughter of Lt.-Gen. Sir Balfour and Lady Hutchison, of Big Firs Cottage, Aldeburgh, Suffolk, at St. Mark's, North Audley Street



Hind — Munro Kerr

Capt. Anthony John Hind, 8th King's Royal Irish Hussars, son of the late Major and Mrs. Hind, married Miss Pamela Munro-Kerr, elder daughter of Mr. George Munro-Kerr, of Sloane Street, S.W., and of Mrs. Edith Munro-Kerr, of Berry Lane, near Woking, at St. Mary's, Cadogan Square

GETTING MARRIED The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review of Weddings



Davson — Rhys-Williams

Sir Geoffrey Davson, Bt. (late Welsh Guards), elder son of the late Sir Edward Davson and of Lady Davson, of 29, Eaton Place, S.W.1, married Miss Susan Eleanor Rhys-Williams, elder daughter of Lt.-Col. Sir Rhys and Lady Rhys-Williams, of Miskin Manor, Pontyclun, South Wales, and 47, Eaton Place, S.W.1, at St. Margaret's, Westminster



Le Bailly — Berthon

Lt.-Cdr. (E) Stewart Le Bailly, R.N., younger son of the late Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Le Bailly, of Oakridge Lynch, Stroud, married Miss Pamela Berthon, eldest daughter of Rear-Admiral (E) C. P. Berthon, and of Mrs. Berthon, of Buckland Monachorum, South Devon, at Holy Trinity, Brompton

Twomat

REAL SCOTCH
KNITWEAR



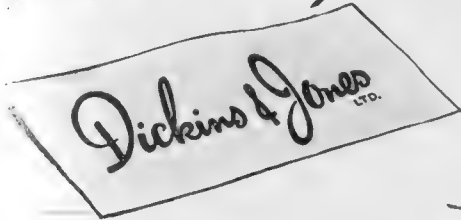
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Jean Lorimer's Page



JoySmith

British nylons, long regarded as a myth, now more eagerly coveted than mink, are promised for December. Above you see the *real* thing as made by the world-famous firm of Wolsey



Peter Clark

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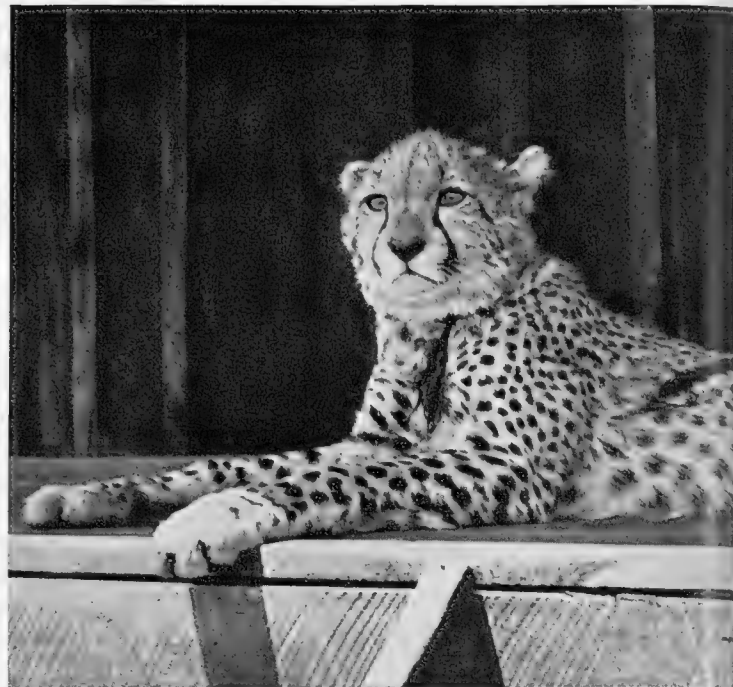
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The cheetah, though resembling the leopard, is actually its prey, and only saves itself, like a deer, by its tremendous speed

Game Warden—talking ABOUT ANIMALS

"A LEOPARD on stilts," aptly describes the cheetah, one of the fastest wild creatures on four legs.

The Kenya farmer, especially in the Highlands, frequently maintains one on his farm. He uses it for hunting game and also for disturbing leopard.

If caught young, and trained, the cheetah makes quite an amiable, although rather boisterous, pet. Curiously enough the cheetah's claws are similar to those of a dog's; blunt and quite unlike those of the lion or its near relation the leopard. When used for hunting the great difficulty is to prevent it making a meal of its prey, before the huntsmen can pull it off. The cheetah's speed is amazing when running down its quarry; it covers the rough ground in a series of enormous bounds. This same speed helps its survival when chased by lion or leopard, its chief enemy. It is much swifter than either.

Probably because of a calcium deficiency many cheetahs have a tendency to rickets. Puppies often need to be treated.

A few years ago a group of farmers in East Africa conceived the idea of training cheetahs to take the place of greyhounds. Half a dozen were specially trained on a track built in the bush and matched against hounds. The experiment was a fiasco. "The field went away in fine style; the cheetahs were released a split second later. Instead of passing the hounds, however, all the cheetahs did was to bound over the hounds, completely putting them out of their stride. They were too fast.

A lot of people confuse the skin of the cheetah with that of a leopard. The markings on the greater portion

of the leopard's coat are *circles* which look as though they might have been stencilled—the cheetah is properly spotted. It is curious that the saying should have become general that the leopard "cannot change its spots"—when it hasn't got any, strictly speaking!

The photograph is of "Sally" from Abyssinia. Sally, in spite of its name is a male and was the pet of a King's African Rifle Regiment before being shipped to this country. He is a very fine specimen and quite tame.



"Sally" tries biting the hand that feeds him—but only in play. He was a greatly esteemed regimental pet

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The wise doctor of today is no "medicine man": he readily admits that medical science has a lot to learn about nerves and nerve strain. But whatever new discoveries the future may hold, one truth is unassailable: nerves need adequate supplies of organic phosphorus and protein. In other words they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for only in 'Sanatogen' can be found organic phosphorus and protein in chemical combination.

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Oliver Stewart on FLYING

ONE way of getting out of taking responsibility is to disperse it. The method is popular now among those who are concerned with regulating and controlling air travel. When air travellers find that they spend much more time dealing with passports, visas, currency restrictions and the customs than they spend moving towards their destination, they tend to ask for the Minister's head on a charger.

But the fact is, that the part of the ordinary air journey which comes within the province of the Ministry of Civil Aviation, is so much faster than all the other parts that it does not yet need reform.

The Real Culprits

THE people who ought to be hung, drawn and quartered are those concerned with travelling formalities and with the road sections of the journey. If the coach taking passengers to the aerodrome averages a wretchedly slow speed—and has to be driven furiously to do that—it is the fault of those who are responsible for our roads.

Passports and visas, I imagine, are something to do with the Foreign Office; currency restrictions seem to be the province of the Bank of England. But it is difficult to find out exactly who is to blame for each successive check. That is the trouble. If there were a Ministry of Travel we should know the person to go to and to go for. But now an amorphous mass of officials is to blame; and amorphous masses of officials are unassailable. By dispersing responsibility, they avoid it altogether.

Why the Kangaroo?

COMMANDER THOMAS DAVIES and the crew of the Lockheed Neptune that did the flight which is now being claimed as a new world distance record, are to be congratulated in all except one thing; the fact that they carried a kangaroo with them.

Precisely what the object of carrying a kangaroo was has not been explained. It might have been thought to be that loathsome thing "good publicity," or it might have been thought to be humorous. Or it might have been done simply to enjoy the fun of making an animal thoroughly miserable.

Aviation does not need such stunts. They do not help it. They sometimes damage it. I have no objection to circus touches here and there; but when they become involved with what ought to be a first-class technical achievement, I find them regrettable.

I greatly hope that the United States Army will beat the United States Navy and set up a better long distance figure with a B29. And I hope that solely because I object to this kangaroo business. Apart from that the Navy achievement would have been wholly admirable.

Standardize for Cheapness

THE suggestion made by Baron de la Grange at the meetings of the Fédération Aéronautique Internationale has been further discussed and it may be that practical moves will follow. The suggestion was for the standardization of selected light aeroplanes with the object of bringing down their prices.

There is a need for a standardized, simple, light aeroplane, produced in series and sold cheaply. But the trouble, as I see it, would be not so much in finding or creating the manufacturing resources to undertake the work, as in selecting the aircraft to standardize.

It is most curious that we are today just as uncertain about what constitutes the "ideal" light aeroplane as we have been for years. At intervals the twin-boom, tricycle, pusher is hailed as the last word. And aircraft of this kind (notably the SUC10) do look nice and seem to behave well.

Yet the more conventional arrangement is still extremely attractive when the design is sound, as the Auster illustrates. And if the owner-pilot likes to be able to do aerobatics when he feels like it, the conventional pattern appears the best. The little Morane Saulnier personal aeroplane gave an astonishingly good aerobatic display at a French air meeting not long ago.

So I doubt if general agreement could be arrived at as to the type of aircraft that ought to be chosen for large-scale series production. That, and not the finding of the manufacturing resources, is the real difficulty.

Stalag Escape

THE remarkable story of the great break of R.A.F. prisoners from Stalag Luft III has now been published in a small book, edited by Flight Lieutenant M. S. Winston. The book was begun while its authors were still prisoners, and the profits go to the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund. Both for the intrinsic interest of the subject matter and for the way in which it is treated the book deserves a wide public.



Military Adviser

Maj.-Gen. Sir Percy Hobart, K.B.E., C.B., D.S.O., who has just been appointed Military Adviser to the Nuffield Organization. Maj.-Gen. Hobart, as Commander of the 79th Armoured Division, was responsible for operating the special British assault armour from D-Day until the German surrender



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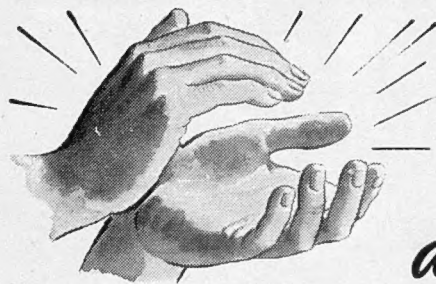
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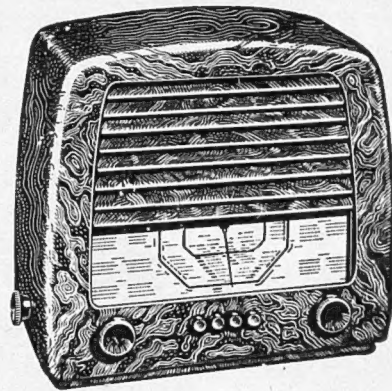
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